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FEBRUARY, 1949

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

LINCOLN, COME BACK

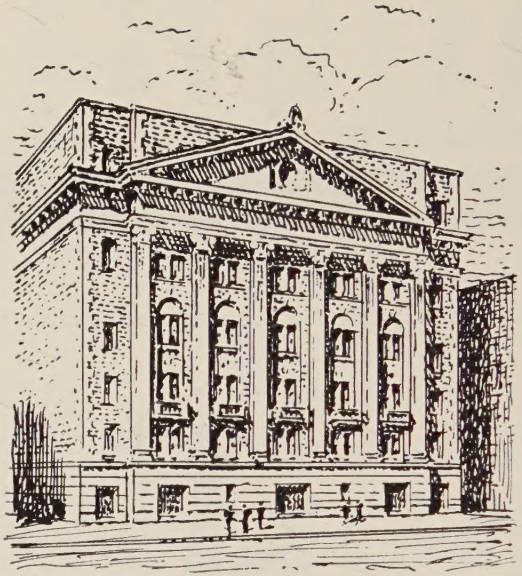
Lincoln, come back, rebuke us for our sins—
The sin of greed, of blatant pride and hate.
Our earth goes blindly to a hopeless fate
Unless for us a new, kind world begins.
Renew our dreams—who dreamed a world made free;
Give us new hope for world-wide liberty.
Lincoln, come back, rebuke us for our sins.

Lincoln, come back, once more our prophet be.
Lead forth the nations in a pact of peace;
Teach us that selfishness and greed must cease
That men may dwell in love and harmony.
Your kindly heart—that it might plan our weal!
Your mighty hand—how powerful to heal!
Lincoln, come back, once more our prophet be.

Lincoln, come back, rebuild our broken world.
Shattered and torn, the nations face the night;
Earth's leaders halt, bereft of vision's light;
Humanity's fair banner now is furled;
The surging peoples now are leaderless;
They ask a friend, and there is none to bless.
Lincoln, come back, rebuild our broken world.

—Thomas Curtis Clark

(From "Poems for the Great Days")



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXV **February, 1949** *Number 11*

"STOP WORRYING AND START LIVING"

(PART II)

Sermon By Dr. Preston Bradley
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
November 21, 1948

SHORTLY before the death of that great wizard and scientist in the field of electricity, Doctor Charles Steinmetz, probably unsurpassed by anyone in that field, with the exception of Thomas A. Edison, he was asked by a student, "Doctor Steinmetz, what do you think will be the next great step in science and invention in the United States?" Doctor Steinmetz replied, "The next step will not be in the area of the physical science; the next step will be in the field of the mind;"—*IN THE FIELD OF THE MIND!*

While this statement was made some years ago, almost a casual observer of what is happening in the sphere of the mind would affirm that Doctor Steinmetz was quite accurate in his prophecy. We are constantly now attacking the power, the understanding, the constituency, the equipment, the significance, the scope, the potentiality of the human mind, and while the science of psychology is comparatively a new science, and psychiatry as well, and the psychologist and the psychiatrist are practically newcomers to the field of the human personality and of the physical universe, of which we are all a part, it becomes increasingly apparent that here within the confines of the human mind rests the weal or woe of the future.

The human mind has been used in science, its scope indicated by invention, until man has created for himself a physical environment for his human body such as never existed before in the whole history of our civilization, and in the doing of that, he has created for himself an environment which has contributed to his physical well-being, and in the application of his own knowledge, he has elongated his life span almost miraculously. When I was a boy in High school my grandfather could only look forward to a life span of forty-five years. Today a boy's grandfather, who is in High school, can look forward to a life span of sixty-five years. In my lifetime we have increased the life span more than twenty years. Now, that means that man has used his mind, his intelligence, in an effort to understand more adequately his own constituency as a phys-

ical being. By earlier diagnoses, by the coming of the sulfa group, by myriads and myriads of other factors man has been able to create for himself a longer life span, but in lengthening the life span man has also, by his refusal to adapt himself to the superb beauty of achieving a well poised, integrated life, created for himself the facility of breaking down in his mental attitude and his mental conceptions until the astounding fact now is that 82% of afflicted people are basically afflicted with some form of mental aberration.

Now, man has been able to function on the physical basis for his own physical well-being; he has been able to turn his home into pleasant temperatures in winter and summer; he has been able to fly through the air faster than the birds; he has been able to travel under the sea, and he can whisper and he heard around the world. He can press a button and light a continent. A little child can pull a lever in a great power engineering feat and turn the machines of half a continent. Man has been able to do all these things, yet every mental institution in the United States is overcrowded, and in one State, our own State alone, the State of Illinois, we could use immediately 50% more beds in the mental hospitals at this very moment.

Now, somewhere along the way, man has gotten out of step with himself. Though he can live 65, 70, 80, 90, 100 years of life yet, at the same time, he is smashing and crashing earlier than man has ever smashed up in the realm of the mind, until if the proportion continues, what is ahead is of such a tragic character that it is better for us not even to mention it, or to think of it; *THE REALM OF THE MIND.*

What is the best verdict today of the most authenticated psychiatrists, of the finest and most competent psychologists? What do they all tell us? What does every textbook, worthy of the name, in the field of this problem, affirm? What do the examples that we all meet daily in our experiences as we go along with life—what is the one thing that indicates the beginning? Well, the very best psychologists I know, and the best psychiatrists, are all agreed, without any doubt—I don't think that there is any disagreement among them—that the first indication of future trouble in the realm of maintaining equilibrium in one's mental processes and mental outlook is when they begin to be tyrannized by worry; *BEGINNING TO WORRY, UNTIL THE ACTUAL RESULT OF THE CONTINUANCE OF THE USE OF THE BRAIN ENERGY NECESSARY FOR WORRY HAS A DIRECT PHYSICAL REACTION ON EVERY ORGAN IN THE BODY: IT HAS A DIRECT PHYSICAL REACTION ON THE ENTIRE CHEMISTRY OF THE BODY, UNTIL IT IS NO LONGER A THEORY NOR A SPECULATION THAT THOUGHTS CREATE BODY CONDITIONS AND THAT MANY OF THE PHYSICAL ILLS FROM WHICH PEOPLE SUFFER, ILLS OF THE LUNGS, HEART, KIDNEYS, OF THE BODY STRUCTURE EVERYWHERE, ARE DIRECTLY ASSOCIATED WITH ONE'S MENTAL ATTITUDE.*

In this respect our friends who emphasize the importance of fine, clear, clean thinking in the Christian Science Faith are completely and wholly right. The attitude of the mind, because of the permission which you give your mind (and you do give it) to think certain thoughts and toy with certain thoughts, is the thing that creates the physical equipment by which you live and project your physical structure.

People wait until they are ill, until disease, neuritis, arthritis, or some of the myriads of things which afflict human beings, have them in their grip and then they become concerned about it and think, logically, of remedy and cure.

I am thinking today in terms of prevention. I am thinking in terms of your developing a mental attitude toward life, toward your problems, which will always constitute fortification and will always result in your having power, physical and spiritual, to defeat any intruder who would attempt to bring you anguish, pain, or sorrow.

We have to clean up our minds. There are people who think they can read salacious books, or go to a salacious play, or vicariously toy with evil and vice, or any of the disturbing and devitalizing factors that interfere with spiritual poise, and because they don't do anything they don't have any feeling of conscience about it. I think that is the reason a lot of people do enjoy the salacious; they can have their vice vicariously without violating any social law, and so, in the mind, they enjoy sin, and they have the vicarious experience and they feel because they have not gone out and violated a social law, or they have not committted any act, that there is to be no penalty. I say to you quite dogmatically that there is just as much penalty from a mental experience with vice or sin as there is from the actual commission of the deed; that you are never going to be freed from the penalty of wrong or vile thinking: that penalty will be exacted of you, and that penalty will be paid.

How important is this whole matter of worrying, which is the little insipid, subtle manner in which this trouble all begins. Therefore, what to do about it? I have seen demonstrated a thousand times in my own experience the inevitable reaction of wrong thinking and the penalty of worrying; worrying, dominated by some previous experience, translated into the relationship of some present situation and then all dominated by some future possibility until people's past and people's present and people's future all become a hodgepodge and you look at the situation, and you look at the problem and you are all confused. Then you begin to worry, and then you get out that little diabolical word—I preached a sermon on it years ago. Sometimes I think I ought to repeat it. Any sermon that is worth hearing once is worth hearing many times. We don't worry because Mr. Flandorf, our organist, repeats Beethoven; we go to hear Shakespeare's plays again and again, we don't worry about that; but when a preacher says something twice people say, "O, he is repeating himself." Well, at the hazard of meriting the accusation of repeating myself, I think some day I am going to repeat that sermon. It only had one word in the title, and it was a little word, but it is the most diabolical word in our language. It has caused more mental anguish than any other. It has taken the energy out of more people, it has devitalized them, and I think sometimes, when I look at some of them, it has almost dehydrated them as well, but it has just taken everything out of them. That little word is *"IF"* —that's the word, *"IF"*—now don't be an "iffer."

One of the first things to do is to get out of your minds and wipe it out, root and branch, this little word "if." Don't say, "If I hadn't gone there I wouldn't have met him!" "If I only hadn't done that it wouldn't have happened!" If, if, if, until you can take all the troubles and all the worries of most people and put them all in a package and you can label the whole

business *"IF."* One of the things to do is to get that word out! *If* you had not done it—well, you *did* do it. What has "if" got to do with it? You *did* it. That's where we have to begin. It is done, there it is, it is done, it won't make any difference about "if." "If" you had not been there it would not have happened. Well, you *were* there, weren't you, and it happened. So, what of it? "If I had not met her all would have been well." Well, you *did* meet her and you have got her on your hands, or she is trying to get rid of *you,* one or the other, but what of it? It won't do any good to worry—"if." That is not the place to begin if you are worrying and in trouble. I think the place to begin is where Willis H. Carrier did, the founder of the air-conditioning industry. He is now head of the Carrier Corporation. Mr. Carnegie speaks of him in his book. Mr. Carrier, early in his life was identified with the Buffalo Forge Corporation in Buffalo, New York, and he was asked one day to go down to the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company's plant in Crystal City, Mo., and introduce the equipment there that would refine, or cleanse gas, so that it would be less wearing on the engine of this great institution. He went down there and at a tremendous expense he introduced a machine, put it into operation and found that it was almost a complete failure. So, as a young man he faced his first engineering defeat; he felt his future imperilled, and everything he had given his life to, fall about him; his whole future was involved. Finally, against great odds, he succeeded in getting the Company that he represented at the time in this matter, the Buffalo Company, to put up $15,000 more—they had already put up $20,000—and he was working with a great plan which he had for the accomplishment of the purpose for which he was there. It worked and was finally successful. When he was analyzing his worry about it as a young engineer he came to three conclusions, and those three conclusions, I think, are of great value and I would like to state them to you this morning so that those of you who are having difficulty and are worrying, will try to apply these three conclusions to your problems.

Here they are, paraphrased in my own words, as Mr. Carrier worked out his philosophy of worry.

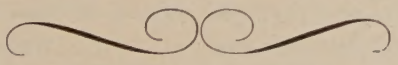
In the first place you have a problem, domestic, personal, or any one of the myriads of problems we are familiar with and understand. The first thing of importance is your attitude toward that problem. His idea is that your attitude should be this: 1st, "What is the worst possible thing that can happen to me under these circumstances? What is the worst?" Let us say you are in remorse over something that you have done that is just tearing and eating your soul out, and you are worried and anxious. What is the worst that can happen? Try to subdue your emotional attitude toward your problem. When you have decided what is the worst that may happen, make up your mind, if necessary, to accept that worst. What will be your attitude? It may wipe out your business, if you are a businessman; you may lose your home . . . young man and young woman, what is the worst that could happen? Then, if it has to be, accept that worst! Face it! Look at it objectively. After you have decided what is the worst, make up your mind, if it has to happen that way, to accept it. Don't just worry and fume and stew, but face the worst, and reconcile yourself to accepting it if necessary. There may be, dependent upon the situation and you, there may be the necessity for accepting or letting it do its worst. That

decision is one you must make and no one can make that for you, but when the decision is once made, then calmly devote your time and energy to trying to improve upon the worst which you have already agreed to accept mentally, and you will find gradually coming back to you a strength and a power that you cannot understand yourself, nor you cannot explain. It has that recreative spiritual propensity, adjustment has, it is something that is confined to the very nature of the situation itself. Never accept or reject without reconstruction; that is the beginning of the solution of the problem. There you will get strength, and there you will find that a great faith recreated in yourself is the beginning of the solution—you can do something about it: "I will begin to have faith."

Now, I believe in faith in God; that is primary. I believe in the power of faith; that's primary; but *IF YOU DO NOT CORRELATE YOUR FAITH IN GOD WITH A RENEWAL OF FAITH IN YOURSELF, YOU ARE GOING TO RUN INTO TROUBLE. FAITH IN GOD IS SOVEREIGN, OBVIOUSLY, IT IS NOT ENOUGH!* I will be misunderstood from that statement. *YOU MUST HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF TOO; A SELF-CONFIDENCE; NOT MERELY AN EGOTISM; NOT MERELY AN UNJUSTIFIED EMPHASIS ON SELF-IMPORTANCE, BUT A RENEWAL OF THE DIGNITY OF YOURSELF; THAT YOU ARE IMPORTANT;* that no matter what has happened to you, it has not completely annihilated your own dignity; the idea that you are important.

If I could get that into the heads and minds of the depressed, the ill, the tired, the disillusioned, the ones who have had people turn against them, and have had problems come their way. *THESE ARE NO MORE POWERFUL THAN YOU PERMIT THEM TO BE! EVERY MAN IS THE MASTER OF HIS OWN CITADEL! NOTHING CAN TOUCH YOU UNLESS YOU PERMIT IT! NOTHING CAN DESTROY YOU UNLESS YOU FIRST OPEN THE DOOR! THE DIGNITY AND THE IMPORTANCE OF THAT CONCEPTION IS ONE OF THE GREAT FORCES THAT MAKE FOR REMEDY AND HEALING; THAT IS THE FUNDAMENTAL APPROACH!*

If you are worried about life, concerned about life, and it is all in turmoil about you, all right, what is your worst? "What is the worst you are going to do to me? Let's see it." Then when you have looked at it, be willing to accept it if you must, but start building to improve upon that possible worst. And remember, you, as a human being, have a spark of the divine. That is your center, your heart, your soul, and you can build and make out of this life just about what you choose to make of it.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday Morning Services. . .11 o'clock
Broadcast by WJJD
Sunday Evening Services. .7:30 o'clock
Not broadcast
Church School. . . .Sundays, 9:30 a.m.
Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Supt.

FEBRUARY BIOGRAPHIES

Dr. Bradley's Sunday morning sermons during the month of February will be a series of biographies:

February 6—"St. Francis of Assisi."
February 13—"Lincoln—The Prophet."
February 20—"Dr. Albert Schweitzer."
February 27—"Kagawa of Japan."

FEBRUARY BOOK LECTURES

Feb. 2—"You and Psychiatry," by Dr. Wm. C. Menninger and Munro Leaf.
Feb. 9—"Lincoln and the Preachers," by Edgar DeWitt Jones.
Feb. 16—"Emotional Security," by M. R. Sapirstein, M.D.
Feb. 23—"Road to Survival," by William Vogt.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Pan-American Drama Tea

The Uptown Players are presenting a Pan-American Drama Tea for February. The tea will be held, as always, on the first Sunday of the month, February 6th at 4 o'clock, in Anderson Hall.

There will be very beautiful program covers, by courtesy of the Moore-McCormack Steamship Lines.

The Players will present scenes from "Waiting for Lefty," by Clifford Odets.

Guest artists will be Anne Crawford, soprano, of The Players; two members of the staff of Veloz and Yolanda Studios will present a Tango, a Rhumba and a Samba.

Guests of Honor will be Sr. Jose Horta, the new Brazilian Consul and his wife; Miss Barbara Eddy, Secretary of the Pan-American Council of Chicago; and Dudley Crafts Watson, famous lecturer of the Art Institute. Guest fee, 60c.

PLAYERS' FEBRUARY PRODUCTION

"The Winslow Boy," by Terence Rattigan, one of the Theatre Guild's most interesting productions of the current Chicago season will have its opening night with The Players on Wednesday, February 16th, continuing the nights of the 17th and 19th, at 8:30, and on Sunday afternoon, Feb. 20th, at a 3 o'clock matinee.

Geoffrey Lardner will play the role of Sir Robert Morrison. Eleventh Street Theatre, 66 E. 11th St.

WOMAN'S CLUB

February Schedule

What might well be called a "Double-Feature" program will start off the February schedule of the Woman's Club on Monday, February 7th, at 1 o'clock in Anderson Hall.

Two outstanding Chicago artists in their special fields will be presented:

Helen Adele Lerch Shaw, in her "Portraiture in Sculpture"; and

Pauline Esdale, who whistles her way into your heart with her "Bird Neighbors."

Mrs. Fred Masten, Chairman of the Art department, has charge of the program, and Mrs. G. A. Schweizer and Mrs. J. H. Baer are hostesses.

Birthday Party

The February 21st program, also on a Monday, at 1 o'clock, will be the Annual Birthday Party and Reception to New Members.

Mrs. Jacob Tolk is Chairman, Mrs. Paul Raabe, Co-Chairman, and, unlike former occasions, this is to be a Surprise Program.

The membership certainly should be out in full force for these February meetings.

PROF. AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Tuesday, February 8th, is the date of the first meeting this month, at 8 o'clock, in Anderson Hall.

Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, a Past President of the Club, will give a book review of Dale Carnegie's "How to Stop Worrying and Start Living." Though Dr. Bradley has preached three sermons on the book, Miss Smalley declares that Dr. Bradley could preach a sermon on every page of the book, and therefore, as he only gave three sermons on it, there is still much that she can tell of great interest.

The guest artists of the evening will be the "Four Kruskopfs" in a very interesting and entertaining Novelty Number. Open meeting.

"Flying Fingers"

For their February 22nd meeting, the Business Woman's Club will present Cliff Aspegren, whose "Flying Fingers" will do Piano Portraits in the manner of Alec Templeton.

For this program there will be a guest fee of 60c. The meetings are always open to the public.

CHANNING CLUB

The young people of the Channing Club will hold their Annual Penny Carnival on Friday evening, Feb. 11th, at 7:30 o'clock in Anderson Hall.

There will be many entertaining attractions, including an exhibition of a scale model home.

Fun for everyone is promised, with magic and puppet shows. Everyone welcome.

BROWNIE SCOUTS

To entertain Troops No. 610 and No. 744

Monday afternoon at 3:30 on February 14th, in Anderson Hall, Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, of the Peoples Church, will entertain two neighboring Troops, No. 610 and No. 744, from the Stewart School.

The host Troop will present Mr. Allen Glisch, with a movie of the Animal Welfare League, on "How to Take Care of Your Pets Properly."

Perhaps adults could learn something?

Ten Things They Wished They Had Known Before They Were Twenty-One

(The students at Kansas University have said they wished they had known these ten things before they were twenty-one.)

(1) What I was going to do for a living. Exactly what my life work would be.

(2) That my health after thirty depended in a large degree on what I put into my stomach before I was 21.

(3) How to take care of money.

(4) The commercial asset of being neatly and sensibly dressed.

(5) That habits are mighty hard to change after you are 21.

(6) That worth-while things require time, patience and work.

(7) That the world would give me just about what I deserved.

(8) That a thorough education not only pays better wages than hard labor, but it brings the best of everything else.

(9) The value of absolute truthfulness in everything.

(10) That my parents weren't old fogies, after all.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

WHEN a world and a civilization pass through what our world and civilization have passed through during the last fifty years of human history, those of us who have lived through that experience and have reacted against the changes and modifications which come in our daily expression of living, certainly are assaulted in one of the most vulnerable parts of our being, and that is, in the stabilizing, steadying, unifying, integrating, emotional personality which we all possess.

We now see that it is quite as important for a person to be integrated in his psychical personality as it is in his physical well being or the tangible material environments in which he lives. Frequently we stand and look at the disintegration of some of the personalities involved in an environment of affluence, and we say, "Why, they have everything in the world to enjoy! They have money, they can travel, they have beautiful furniture, tapestries, china, lovely rugs, and everything in the world to live for; why are they unhappy? Now, there is a direct relationship between that and something which we call "activity for important and significant objectives."

A lady came to me only this week in a very tragic and difficult state of nerves; exhausted, a breakdown; and when I went over her activities in which she had been engaged in the past ten years, I made the interesting discovery that she had lived practically the entire time a completely self-centered life, and she was on the verge of hysteria. She said, "I've been here, there and everywhere, and I cannot get hold of myself, and so I came to talk to you." I said, "Do you know what is the matter with you?" She looked at me in perfect amazement. "I think I know," I continued. "You are the most selfish person I have ever met." You know a bit of a shock is good treatment sometimes—we are discovering this now in our hospitals. What she expected from me, and no doubt wanted, was sympathy. So I said: "You are selfish; downright selfish!" And I said, "You go and find some child, some family, some cause, some church, something in your life, someone who needs

you and your help; someone in trouble; go and find something to do for someone, and you will get out of this nervous state. Find something or someone you can be interested in besides yourself." Now I tell you that just as certain as anything, if she follows my advice, in three months she won't know herself.

It's like that woman who sent a large box of expensive flowers out to a certain cemetery every week to be placed on the grave of her husband. This had been going on for a couple of years. Then one day she drove out to the cemetery with them herself. Her chauffeur pulled up at the office door of the cemetery, and an employe came out to see what was wanted. She explained that she had been sending the flowers out each week, but she didn't expect to live much longer, so brought them herself this day. "Oh yes, I know about the flowers. I've been so sorry about them." "Whatever do you mean?" she replied. "Well, you see, I belong to a visiting society and we take flowers to hospitals and to the veterans and to people who are alive and can enjoy them, and I have watched these flowers wither on your husband's grave and wished that some of the people I visited might have enjoyed them." This woman came back in about a year, looking well and strong and also happy, and said she had been taking his advice and now she didn't need a doctor.

THE SIMPLIFIED LIFE

HAVING been broadcasting for many years I find that one of the interesting features of this work is the variety of responses that come in from near and far and from people in all sorts of activities and conditions of life. I hear from rural America, from farms and small towns and villages, from the cities, large and small, and from people in lonely places —lighthouse keepers—men in the forest service, who watch from their towers high in the mountains above the forests. I hear from humble workers, in mill and factory, in store and in office, and from men in public office, from Senators to city clerks; and the other day I heard from a man who was a commercial artist, but was temporarily driving a taxicab. And it all makes life very interesting.

Whatever happens in this world, you and I, as individuals, have our lives to live, whether we are important as the public thinks of importance, or whether we are the humblest of workmen. Most of us have to walk with the procession, or in the crowd. The leaders out front are rare, and those to whom it is given to achieve spectacular things are fewer still. The rest of us spend our lives plodding along, taking each day as we find it, dreaming our dreams and seeing some of them crash to earth, and sometimes experiencing the rare joy of seeing them come true. We have our illnesses, suffer our pain, stand by the bedside of loved ones who are ill, endure our defeats, sometimes wondering whether life is not conspiring against us; until we get a sort of helpless feeling in our hearts and then we need to be urged on.

People of unusual faculties, to whom nature has been generous, need very little of such encouragement. Many of them are sufficient unto themselves. It is to ordinary mortals who are at sea in a stormy age that I try to be helpful in all my work. I address myself to the average person in danger of finding life become brutally monotonous, or per-

haps the person who may be satisfied with the trivialities of life, and think of them as being the only things important. When disappointment comes its easy to just sink back into a lethargy and say "Oh, well, what's the use, what's the use?"

I hear that question often, for in my work one meets constantly people who are having difficulties and are in trouble, and sometimes they get into a state of sheer hopelessness and almost complete despair, and then abandonment, and they always preface any statement about the situation with the expression, "What's the use?" And yet all around me I see people too, in the midst of all these problems, who are living heroic and courageous lives.

On a recent Sunday a young woman came to me with a tragic situation. There had been a recent separation from her husband, with two young children who were in her custody, and they were living with her mother; mother and daughter and two young children in one room. Only one of course can work at a time, because the other must take care of the children. Tears came into her eyes as she told me of the struggle she was making, but she said, "I am determined to keep the roof over the heads of my children. I am going to do the best that I can." This awful housing situation that we are in, all of the red tape and the commissions and the committees and the organizations and the meetings and the resolutions, and all the rest of it, is irritating in the extreme.

Results and action are what we need now in this country. Some way to get things under way; to get something done to change these situations and overcome these conditions. We can spend more time with luncheon conferences and drawing up resolutions and arguing about who will be Vice-President or Secretary of this or that, and who will be chairman of this committee or that committee, and then make blueprints and then hold another meeting, until it all becomes wearisome and irritating, if not disgusting.

Sometimes I think that what we need more than any other thing, and I hope you will pardon the bromide, is simplification — just simplification. If we could take the whole picture from top to bottom, and scientifically eliminate about 50% of the whole technique and the whole business, we might get down to brass tacks and begin to do something about these wrongs and this situation.

The most effective life is the life which is simplified; the life that is not at the mercy of things and not crowded with complications, and jammed up with unimportant things. I know of nothing we need more than to put first things first; and that is one of the hardest things to do apparently. You get into a conversation with a person on the telephone, and it's round-about, round-about. You get into a committee meeting and time is consumed over non-essentials — unimportant details. You hear a man talk about this or that and he spends 30 minutes in explanation and about five minutes in direct action statements. Sometimes I wonder if we haven't been too fearful of over-simplification. We have said repeatedly: "I hope I haven't over-simplified this." Well, it might be a good idea to over-simplify a bit. It may be that over-simplification now would be more powerful than not having any form of simplification at all.

One of the finest things that any of us could do to help us see more clearly, with better perspective and clearer, with more distinct vision, and would give us a better understanding of our own affairs and our own lives, would be to try to simplify the whole business. We are over-crowded and over-stuffed

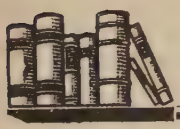
with things we do not need; that we cannot use; and that are not essential or important. When I get into this mood and thinking about these things, I turn to David Thoreau, who even in his cottage at Walden Pond, threw out a polished stone which he had found one day, took it off his mantelpiece and threw it back on shore because he discovered that he had to dust it once in awhile. He simplified his environment by eliminating every non-essential.

I know one can go to extremes with this idea, of course, but when we have gone so far to the other extreme as we have, it is well for us to try at any rate to simplify a little more than we do. It is true that the greatest and finest people are the simplest, the humblest. They are not the people who are constantly posing, indicating veneer and superficiality. Simple people are genuine people, and genuineness is a great virtue. Amidst all of the challenges and difficulties of this hour we can meet them as individuals all the more adequately if, by elimination and simplification, we spend our time and energies on the things that are important and fundamental. We will be better, we will be stronger, and if we do, all these other things will be added unto us, for simplicity creates its own strength. It generates its own power. P.B.

"MY SYMPHONY:"

"To live content with small means.
To seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion.
To be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich.
To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly.
To listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart.
To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasion, hurry never.
In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common.
This is to be my symphony."

William Henry Channing



BOOK CHATS

FIRST of all in this February book chat, I am going to call your attention to a most challenging book, written by one of America's most distinguished citizens, and a man of whom we have all heard and known much, Mr. Eric Johnston. You will recall that Eric Johnston at one time was considered to be a Presidential possibility. He was, for four years, President of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. He is now President of the Motion Picture Association of America, Inc. You will recall his book "America Unlimited," which was published in 1944. That book was a concise statement of his faith in dynamic democracy. The book created, as this book will, a great diversity of opinion. It was widely read and discussed pro and con, up and down the country. He toured Russia at the personal invitation of Stalin, and so far as I know was given more open *entre* to everything he wanted to see in Russia than any other American, before or since.

Now he has written a book which he calls "WE ARE ALL IN IT." It is written with the same direct, concise style which characterizes Eric Johns-

ton's diction. There is not one ambiguous sentence in the whole book and not one involved sentence. His opinions are so formulated in his own mind that he is able to state them with precision and crystal clearness. Whether you agree with his conclusions or not, there will be no danger of your having any mistaken notion of what Eric Johnston says. It is the kind of direct writing which is so much needed where the problems are so complex and involved.

Frankly, the book is a presentation and a most outspoken one on American foreign policy. His thesis, and it can be stated briefly, is simply this: America has, for 50 years been a world power. No one can deny that. Everything which has happened in the last 50 years in the world is evidence of that fact. Mr. Johnston brings out the idea in his book "We Are All In It," that it is not enough in this critical period to merely be a world power, but being a world power creates for America the responsibility of becoming a world leader. If we do not become such a leader, he believes that our power as a world factor will grow less and less, in proportion as those nations which have an opposite ideology to our own, become stronger.

Power is not enough unless it is accompanied by leadership, and power itself does not automatically create leadership. He believes and says so repeatedly—that the task of this leadership is too great, too important, too necessary, to be left in the hands of merely a few politicians or incompetent diplomats, but is a job for all of us, and that is where he gets the title "We're All In It."

The title of the book itself is an affirmation of his position. There is no doubt whatever but what the ordinary people in all the countries look to us for help, and the mere fact that we extend the help justifies guidance as well, economically, politically and socially.

I attended a meeting in November of '48 in the Congress Hotel, of the Council on Foreign Relations. The speaker at that meeting was Sir Oliver Franks, the British Ambassador to the United States. He spent his entire introduction of his address in paying a deserved tribute to the United States because of the help that the United States has been in the economic rehabilitation of several European countries in general and of Great Britain in particular.

Eric Johnston has had first-hand contact with the peoples of Europe, of Russia, and with their economic and political problems. That a need exists is no longer debatable. In helping to establish economic stability we are indicating self-interest, for our own economic equilibrium depends upon world stabilization. It is not a question of philanthropy or charity. It is a question of preserving our own economy. Certainly this task is not for a few, but is for the businessmen, workers, housewives, the people of this nation; for every one of us will be affected by what is done or not done in the years which are immediately before us.

Now here are a few conclusions that I am taking from the book about America. We are the power house which stands in the way of the sole remaining aggressive force loose on the globe—Communist Russia, the only force likely to start another war. Around our huge power house of the west, the free world must rally—or go down. He comments on Russia: "It is naive to think we can expect or rely on friendship or cooperation with Russia. What is absolutely necessary is power. It is the only thing communists understand and respect." This is Mr. Eric Johnston's conclusion after his visit to Russia when, as I said a moment ago, he had access that had not yet been given to any single American. About Stalin he says: "Stalin knows little or nothing

about the soul of America, or how Americans think; and believes that a depression in America is inevitable." About Communism he says there is one great antidote to Communism, one certain way to shrink and wither its clutching tentacles: "wherever democracy is strong, Communism is weak." About world politics he says: "It is nonsense to talk in terms of one world politically before the economics of the world have been woven together in a natural, logical, voluntary pattern"; and about world economy he says: "the logic of economic integration is so urgent and compelling, that it is bound to come. It will come either voluntarily —the democratic way, or by compulsion—the communist way." And he concludes, About the world tomorrow: that the choice boils down to this: We will either organize the world, or it will be organized without us and against us."

He brings out one technique that we have certainly never used, and that is that labor leaders of the right kind be used as representatives of our American democracy in countries where socialist or labor governments function, basing that theory upon the idea that the honest labor leader would have a better understanding of the psychology of the people of a socialist or communist country than the representatives who were only the products of a capitalistic society.

Parts of the book read with the same quality of interest and fidelity and are as exciting as a first rate book of fiction. We read his blunt talk with Stalin; and he tells the tragic and dramatic story of the last days of Jan Masaryk, the great Czech patriot and martyr for the cause of democracy. He had an opportunity of visiting Masaryk in Czechoslovakia after his return from the conference in Russia in which participation in the Marshall Plan was denied to Czechoslovakia. All in all, it is a dramatic, powerful book, challenging in every sentence, and a book every one of us ought to read. It is written in straightforward, vigorous language. This book is a stimulating challenge to every American, whether he lives on Park Ave., in New York, Lake Shore Drive in Chicago, or Main Street in any village of the nation.

* * *

It is late, or perhaps I should say, early in the year to bring you the next book, but if I were to wait now until a seasonal time for it I might miss bringing it to you at all, and I shouldn't like to do that. Is there anyone who isn't interested in the diverse traditions from many religions which go to make up our modern Christmas? And so the book is called "4000 Years of Christmas." Now 4000 years sounds like a long time and it might sound like a very enormous book, but quite the contrary—this is a gift-size book of 91 pages, with a very attractive format and beautiful cover illustration. The author is Dr. Earl W. Count, Doctor of Philosophy and head of the Department of Anthropology of Hamilton College.

He has written the story of Christmas from its pagan roots in ancient Babylonia right down to our modern period of festivity, gift-giving and worship. The book is written with deep reverence for the central figure—the Christ child—and contains all the festive folklore of Christmas as well—the Yule tree, the Yule log, Christmas decorations, Saint Nick and Santa Claus —just how they began and where and when. Many Christmas carols never before published in English are here in this little book.

Dr. Daniel A. Poling, that great religious leader and editor of the Christian Herald, says of it: "A much-in-little book. Dramatic, historical, filled

with legend and permeated with the spirit of Christ who gives to Christmas, as the world knows it, both the name and the reason. . . . Definitely a gift that will be welcomed . . . at every age level."

And here is an evaluation of the book by the Religious Book Club: "In vivid, appealing style . . . the book tells how the civilizations of 4000 years of history shaped Christmas into the magnificent celebration which is the climax of the Christmas year for moderns." And they continue, "Only one who has loved Christmas much, as boy and as man, could tell its story with such joyous zest as Dr. Count has done. . . . The story is brief, but accurate and complete. . . . The story will be a welcome gift for all who keep Christmas in their hearts." Henry Schuman, Inc., are the publishers, and it came off the press, November 29th, 1948.

The words of 17 Christmas Carols are in this little book, among them a very lovely Belgian Carol and also Luther's well-known beautiful lullaby.

In the prologue the author says, "This is one of the world's greatest stories. We do not know its beginning, and it has not yet ended. Much of the story is not known—for instance, we do not really know when the Christ Child it venerates was born; or the time and place when Christmas was first celebrated; or exactly how it was that, over the centuries, a bishop-saint of Asia Minor and a pagan god of the Germans merged to become Santa Claus. Although the Christmas story centers in the Christ Child of Bethlehem, it begins so long before His coming that we find its hero arriving on the scene after more than half of the time of the story has gone by.

Christmas is one of mankind's great experiences. For more than four thousand years, spreading over the earth, it has drawn the loyalties and longings of millions of people, growing always richer as mankind has matured."

Dr. Count, the son of a missionary, and an anthropologist of repute, who has contributed widely to learned journals, has written this very readable and attractive book for the general reader —for adults, for teen-agers, for youngsters to whom the story may be read. One unique feature is the chapter "A Christmas Calendar," which explains the meaning of each date in the Yule period, beginning with Christ's Mass, the twelve days from November 11 to November 22, and ending with Candlemas on February 2nd. It is indeed a remarkable book that will deepen our understanding of the nearly universal Christmas period of festival and worship—here is the whole Christmas story.

Dr. Count says, "To what then shall we liken Christmas? . . . It is like a tree which is planted within the soil. . . . Or shall we liken Christmas to the web in a loom? There are many weavers, who work into the pattern the experience of their lives. When one generation goes, another comes to take up the weft where it has been dropped. The pattern changes as the mind changes, yet never begins quite anew. At first, we are not sure that we discern the pattern, but at last we see that, unknown to the weavers themselves, something has taken shape before our eyes; and that they have made something very beautiful, something which compels our understanding. Yet to what can we liken anything which is living and growing and changing, except to itself? When at last our figures fail us, we are turned back again to its own history; and strange indeed is that history, far beyond the imaginings of man."

This story will tell us "of an old, old Babylonian festival that moves westward, dividing its ways as it comes:

through Greece into Rome as a festival that remodels itself at every step to fit the people among whom it settles; by another road into Israel, where at last it comes to rest beside the manger of Bethlehem; though not for long, since it then becomes part of the strength by which the faith of Christ conquered the entire pagan Mediterranean; and by yet another route that skirts these other two: through the Balkans and up the Danube valley where, much disfigured and impoverished, it enters into the heathendom of the Northland. When last we shall view it, the Christian stream will have overtaken all others; and in the Northland the full-blown Christmas festival will have grown up as part of the very flesh and bone of Europe's many nations, and of those newer nations that have sprung up from them beyond the seas."

There are eleven chapters to the book, a prologue and an epilogue and a very useful index. In his epilogue the author tells us that "Christmas is a spontaneous drama of the common folk, a prayer, a hymn. All the while that Raphael was painting the Sistine Madonna, Frenchmen building the cathedral of Chartres, English bishops composing the Book of Common Prayer, Handel his Messiah, Bach his B Minor Mass, the common people, out of whom these geniuses sprang, were composing Christmas. The life-blood of a people is its traditions, and Christmas has become great because men and women have given to it their deepest and most enduring selves. Could we, at Christmastide, stand away from Europe and the countries which have sprung from her across the seas, we should behold all of them doing the same thing, yet each in a way that is also somewhat peculiar to itself. . . . In Poland you would eat from a table covered with a linen cloth, beneath which hay or straw has been laid.

This lovely book, "4000 Years of Christmas," by Earl W. Count, will be a true adventure for all who read it.

* * *

I am fully aware how impossible it is to do justice to a book of 1,067 pages in a brief review. One of the greatest men I have ever known is Carl Sandburg. And that overworked adjective "great" is exactly what I mean. He is a great man; great in intellect, great in heart and soul and spirit. I have known him for thirty-five years, having met him in his early days as a roving reporter in the City of Chicago, where I live and work. The friendship has deepened with the years and I had the honor last Spring of being a member of the circle of his friends who helped him commemorate his 70th birthday.

His first recognition in the world of letters was as a poet, and it was a Chicago poet and editor, Harriet Monroe, who gave him his first recognition in that field. His poetry first came to the attention of the literary world in the magazine "Poetry," of which Miss Monroe was the Editor; and his first book of poems to attract the attention of lovers of poetry was his book, "Chicago Poems." And the poem by which he is best known was published in that book—the poem "Chicago," in which, you remember, the phrase occurs, "Hog Butcher for the World—Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat."

For a long time his most intimate friends knew Carl Sandburg wanted to write a novel. Some of his closest literary friends were concerned about this desire. Being a great poet does not necessarily mean one can be a great novelist. Indeed, some of the great poets who have attempted the novel have not made any contribution to the field of the novel.

But Carl Sandburg's understanding

and sympathetic appreciation of the problems of life, together with his basic faith and confidence in the integrity of the America he loves, his understanding of that illusive something called human nature, his sympathy with the under-privileged, the substratum of American life, and all the other faculties which we know so well, together with his artistry in the use of words and the creation of moods, qualify him to write a novel, if anyone ever had the qualifications.

Now he has done it, and this book, his novel, which he calls "Remembrance Rock," will be read not only by this generation, but by generations to come. Perhaps at last the much expected and hoped-for great American novel has been written. Perhaps this is it. We must wait for the verdict of time. It is about America, and except for the background in which he deals with the origins of our pilgrim ancestors in England and their experiences in Holland, it is wholly about this land of ours. He spans 350 years of our history and by an ingenious conception carries the same personalities through the entire period. He succeeds in creating realistically what the people of thes periods were thinking about in the development of our nation. The whole panorama of America is here, and as he introduces these myriads of characters, one re-captures the era in which they live and their contribution to posterity.

Each period in history he says has had its own hopes, visions, disillusionments, its own separate heroes, martyrs, proud fools, exploiters; and no later time can measure them accurately, but each time has its plain people and humble folk, lacking both the guile and the desire to lay false exactions upon others, asking only a fair chance, and across the generations they speak to each other, for they are the same in all times, the plain people and the humble folk.

Starting with this theory of history and art, Sandburg sets out in "Remembrance Rock" to discover, as he says, the windings of doom, strife and prayer, out of which came the amalgamated Union of States fated to become a world power. He begins with a United States Supreme Court Justice, writing in his study during the period of World War II. The old Judge, who might have been suggested by Oliver Wendel Holmes, writes the story, leaves it for his grandson, a warrior in the Pacific, and his wife, to give to the world.

The story as it is told, is the story written by the Supreme Court Justice. Carl Sandburg, the poet, troubador, biographer, historian, story teller, preserver of ballads, lived a full life before he set down the first paragraph in the summer of 1943. He has lived and worked in the cities and the open spaces of America, with eyes for seeing the scope and the detail of America; with an ear for the accents and the language of America; with a mind for understanding and a heart for feeling. We human beings live, love, quarrel, suffer, blaspheme, dream, worship, and kill, hate and love with reality and passion through three and a half centuries of American life.

Carl Sandburg says the idea of the book interested him for a long time. Much of the same idea has fascinated several generations of American novelists and poets; an epoch-weaving history of the American dream, with the costly toil and bloody struggles that have gone to keep alive and carry further that dream. He decided to write the book while the war was on, and it slowly grew into proportions beyond his own expectations, of four and a half years of writing. The war came to its end more than three years ago, but a portrait of America, giving the

lights and shadows of the American dream, past and present, is perhaps more wanted now than at any previous hour.

No description can do full justice to the varied and wonderful flavor, the rich and dramatic fare which all readers will find in the pages of "Remembrance Rock." As a history of America it is superb and authentic, but history interwoven with romance, and nowhere in "Remembrance Rock" could I discover where Carl Sandburg had deviated in the slightest from historical accuracy. There is no confusion here of fact and fiction. As an historian himself, he would not be guilty, as some novelists have been, of distorting historical truths. So one may read the book, confidently knowing that it is good history, great drama, incomparable characterization, and above all, interpretation and illumination.

It could easily be accepted as a text book in a high school or college course on American history, but history that is far more than a recital of facts or a portrayal of historical personalities. To have achieved what Carl Sandburg has in this book, is to write one's name high in the annals of great literature and undying poetry. It is a prose poem, without violating reality or compromising with fact. No reader can know this book without deepening his appreciation of all the factors and all the personalities down through the years which have made *this America supremely great and the hope of all the world.*

* * *

I have another great book to bring to your attention and one which will delight the thousands of readers of that justly famous book, "Human Destiny," for from the pen of that great scientist and man of faith, Lecomte du Nouy, we have the book called "The Road to Reason," which, by the way, was written seven years earlier than "Human Destiny" but was not translated and edited until after his death, by Mary Lecomte du Nouy. If you haven't read "Human Destiny" I would suggest you read this newest book, "The Road to Reason," first.

Pierre Lecomte du Nouy was born in Paris in 1883. He was descended from a long line of authors and artists, educated at the Sorbonne, obtaining over a period of years the degrees of LL.B., Ph.B., Sc.B., Ph.D. and Sc.D. In 1908 he was Secretary to Briand who was then Minister of Justice, and you will recall that Briand was the great Premier of France who advocated a United States of Europe long before the plan suggested by later diplomats. Later du Nouy took to writing, and as a young man he wrote and acted in several plays that were produced in Paris with great success. Soon, however, because he was of a deeply religious mind, his interest took a scientific bent and he worked under Pierre and Mme. Curie and also under Sir William Ramsay in England.

At the beginning of World War I he was a Lieutenant in the French Army and later transferred to the Hospital, where he assisted Dr. Alexis Carrel in his pioneer work. At the end of the war he came to New York at Dr. Carrel's request, and worked with him as an associate member of the Rockefeller Institute. In 1927 he returned to France and supervised the erection of the first laboratory of biophysics in Europe at the Pasteur Institute. In 1937 he was named a Director at the Sorbonne and had already begun his great work in interpreting scientific and moral problems when World War II broke out.

He and his American wife, the former Mary Bishop Harriman, escaped to the United States in August, 1942,

where he spent several years lecturing to Army and U.S.O. groups. In the course of his full life, Dr. Du Nouy published some 200 papers and received many important awards and decorations.

His seven books were mostly concerned with his revolutionary application of modern science in the field of humanity. His last book, "Human Destiny," was written in Montana. Visits to the United States as a young man had created in him a great love of the American West. His unfortunate and untimely death took place in New York City in September, 1947, after a year's illness.

His wife Mary took the manuscript of our present book, translated it, and edited it, and now we have another contribution from a man of unimpeachable scientific experience which points the way through an interpretation of the physical and biological evolution of the earth that culminates in the scientific conclusion that a Supreme Being must exist. The book "Human Destiny" brought to thousands of readers, by a world famous scientist, a new understanding and inspiration in these troubled times. The book "Human Destiny" represented only a part of the thinking of Dr. du Nouy, and these two books, "Human Destiny" and "The Road to Reason," belong together.

"The Road to Reason" assists the reader in examining the inter-related character of many difficult technical subjects, finally leading to a clearer perception of both the perils and riches of modern scientific thought. In the climax of the "Road to Reason" the author explains precisely why this vast accumulation of modern scientific data is almost meaningless without an explanation and interpretation which is above all science.

Instead of his scientific activity leading him to the bleak and barren places of negation and denial of a spiritual power in the universe, all of his science leads him in a directly opposite way. If there is one reader who doubts the existence of this power, here is the book for him. The careful reader cannot help but see how step by step, with scientific method and technique, one reaches the sublime heights of a great and an enduring spiritual interpretation of the universe. He is never far away from true human values. And he offers a stirring appeal to all mankind to compose its petty quarrels and to unite, that it may employ its many talents, scientific and spiritual alike, for the creation of that finer world which should be the ultimate goal of man's aspirations.

This book is an adventure, as was "Human Destiny" in the science and humanity of our time, such as has not heretofore been produced. Science and religion are not enemies, and any scientist or religionist who maintains that there is an existing animosity and conflict, it seems to me, knows fundamentally neither science nor religion. Science is the enemy of fear and superstition, but neither fear nor superstition have any place in religion at its highest and its best. Science has to do with the quantitative aspect of the physical universe; religion has to do with qualitative character of the humanities. His last paragraph rises to superb heights of logic and reaches the altitude of great faith. "We did not wait," he says, "to understand the nature of electricity before building dynamos and factories. Had we done so, we would have no electric force, light or telegraph today. It is no longer a question of increasing our comfort but of saving the house built with so much labor—that house whose very foundations are tottering. To accomplish this, there is only one method: it is to consider man, in his

complexity, as a single problem and to cease separating instruction from moral education.

This implies the collaboration of all those who specialize in the study and development of the human being, from a physical and intellectual point of view. We cannot hope to correct and adapt the sad heritage of the last century. We must therefore turn toward the future and model a new youth—rich in ideals, liberated from pseudo-philosophical impostures, strengthened by an unalloyed science, respectful of its mission, and capable of transmitting the flickering torch to future generations."

To everyone having intellectual difficulties about the existence of a power not ourselves, which makes for righteousness, human dignity and ultimate peace, this book, read and re-read, will be a sustaining and strengthening influence. P. B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

WHEN February arrives on the calendar it always seems to me there is such a hopeful feeling comes with it. Perhaps this is because, in normal winters (which this one is not) when we reach February we think, no matter what weather it brings it can't last long and spring is on the way. And there are Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays to be celebrated, and St. Valentine's Day. There is something winsome about Valentine's Day, with its frilly lace-paper valentines and hearts and doves and roses and violets and sentimental verses. We all have treasured memories of our Valentine's days!

Then this is the month of seed catalogues. I guess maybe they are nearly as thrilling to our "advanced years" as Valentines were to our 'teens!

This morning when I awakened and looked out my east window—lo and behold! My eyes could hardly believe what they saw—at long last a real snowstorm—the heaviest fall Chicago has had this winter! The trees and bushes in the park, every branch and twig covered with snow, and the blanket covering the ground still seemingly unbroken by foot tracks as far as I could see. A beautiful picture in black and white, and the snow falling gently from a drab sky. Women in long, dark coats, scuffling in their clumsy galoshes, through the snow on the still uncleaned sidewalks, and children in bright jackets and caps trudging to school, add an accent of color and life and action to the picture. I believe I could look out the window for hours on a day like this, it so fascinates me. Should we have a thaw descend upon us, that would be a different story—then I don't look out at all—just keep away from the window!

Doubtless this chit-chat, expressing my mood of the day, holds no interest for you. I'm sorry, but it is the best I can do at the moment—and the little magazine must go to press—it simply must. Publications are very demanding. They have a "deadline" you have to meet—and there are times you'd rather be dead than meet the line! However, "needs must" when the press awaits.

Let's look into the Mail Bag. A very interesting letter from Atlanta, Indiana, comes first to my hand. Here it is:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—First of all, I wish to express my deep gratitude that your vital messages are on the air. They never fail to inspire me and give me courage to keep going. You may strike me off your problem list, for my problem has been solved. I asked you in a former letter to suggest contacts that would lead me to children needing a good home, and whose parents were willing to pay for the unusual advantages we offer.

"I have been converted to the idea that God wants his children to enjoy all the benefits of His goodness; that if we are in poor health or poor financial position, we need to go to Our Father in full faith. In telling Him our needs, and asking Him to show us how to be in the condition to benefit from His good, He will shower us with much more than we ever dreamed. This indeed has been my experience. I have been reading much; one book was your 'New Wealth For You.' Before that I read Liebman's 'Peace of Mind,' and many other books and articles since.

"I had been trying to find children to care for in our home. It seems God had something better for me, or rather something I was better fitted for, for out of a series of circumstances I find myself the teacher of fifty kindergarten children. The financial return that my family needs so greatly is very adequate. Also a little deaf girl is soon coming to live with us, and a little boy has been with us off and on for a few weeks. I am a licensed, experienced kindergarten teacher and enjoy it more than any work I know.

"So I hope this will inspire you to know that those daily talks of yours, lifted me out of despondency, ill health and frustration, and showed me sources of help. Through reading I have been guided to get myself in the proper position to receive God's goodness. He is just waiting to pour out His blessings if we will but put out our hands. I am fifty-one and have tried the traditional so-called orthodox way to spiritual efficiency, but have just this year found true peace of mind. I am not claiming that I am able to keep it every minute, but thank God I know how to regain it when I let worry, neglect and work take its toll.

"May God's richest blessings keep you healthy and busy in your wonderful work of inspiration. Sincerely yours, Mrs. Will Leonard, Atlanta, Ind."

* * *

And here is a letter from Milwaukee from one who has derived so much help from the broadcasts, and we are always glad to hear that. This radio listener says:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—I enjoy—I shouldn't say enjoy—that's the wrong word—I'm encouraged tremendously by the simpleness of your talks and my philosophy of life is everything you talk about, just good old common sense—'heart sense.'

"I've never written to anyone in public life before, but I feel you don't think a person silly if they kind of pour out their deep feelings.

"Two years ago I was so very ill I cared not whether I lived or died, I who had always loved life so much,

and most of my illness was mental—caused by overwork and great fatigue.

"I'm finally getting back my desire for life, and though the climb was tough, I feel I am a much better person for what I suffered.

"I listened to you every night I could for the past two years and you, more than any one I know, gave me strength and a great faith in myself that I needed so greatly.

"My children, aged 8 and 5, listen to you with me every chance we get. If I forget, Donnal, aged 8, reminds me at 6:00 p.m., and she listens with such sincere interest, I only wish there were more programs the children got as much good out of as yours. Very sincerely, Mrs. A. Hermesdorf, 2439 S. 7th St., Milwaukee 7, Wisconsin."

* * *

A lovely letter from a dear woman 80 years old, we received some time ago. It was answered and then we lost track of her letter during the summer, but recently it came to hand and I want you to read it now:

"My dear Dr. Bradley:—Enclosing just one dollar—wish I could send more—but I am a widow 80 years old —not much of an income—and I would love to have that 23rd Psalm the Indians pray. It was wonderful. Please could I have it? And I want to say how surprised I was to hear your Church Choir sing 'The Bartered Bride.' They could not have done better in Praha. I heard them sing it there in 1929. You would think your Choirmaster was a good Czech—it went from the heart and soul. Thank you. Thank you, very much. I am as ever, Sincerely yours, Karolina Fiala, 3528 Oak Ave., Brookfield, Illinois."

* * *

The next is a friendly letter from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. This writer has surely put a great deal into her life: teaching school, studying music and writing songs; becoming a professional nurse, working up to Head Nurse in Cook County Hospital, etc., etc. Now at the young age of 75 she says she is "loafing." I would say she has earned it! The letter follows:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: I've been enjoying your broadcasts so much for several months. I wish that I had tuned in on them earlier, but I imagined it would be a 'preacher' line. I'm also sorry that I missed your lecture at the Merrill School some time back. I guess I turned that down for the same reason.

"You said you liked to read letters, but I'm warning you that this will be a 'humdinger.' (I'm like the little girl who talked so much because she had so much to say.)

"Your love of the North Woods struck a responsive cord in me. I taught at Elcho, Wisconsin, off and on for ten years, went up there when I was eighteen. (Hold everything! I'm seventy-five now!) I'll never forget the lovely trips to Post Lake and Enterprise over corduroy roads, in a lumber wagon. I could hardly walk up the steps the next day, I was so lame. I left there and taught at Milwaukee a short time, but couldn't stand the damp climate so went back to Elcho. I was homesick for Elcho anyway.

"When I was twenty-nine I took up nursing at Cook County Hospital. I was head nurse in Ward 24 a year after graduating, and later had charge of a medical floor in University Hospital, Omaha, for a year. I came back to O. and did private duty. Now I'm loafing.

"My parents died during a typhoid epidemic when I was a year and a half old, and my Grandmother Benedict fell heir to me. (I really *brought her up.*) She was so good to me—gave

me music lessons, sent me to Normal, etc.

"I had a song-writing craze at one time—wrote about thirty songs (words and music). They were not of any value to me, except for the pleasure of writing them, playing and singing them. I'm enclosing some of the lyrics —thought perhaps you and Mrs. Bradley might enjoy reading them.

"I'm beating you to it and saying—'Well!!! The end'. Dorabel Benedict."

* * *

And now we will close the Mail Bag till we chat again in March.

KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM!

"Write it on your heart that every day is the best day in the year. He is rich who owns the day, and no one owns the day who allows it to be invaded with fret and anxiety. Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities, no doubt, crept in. Forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day; begin it well and serenely, with too high a spirit to be cumbered with your old nonsense. This day is too dear, with its hopes and invitations, to waste a moment on the yesterdays."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

DECEMBER

1—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

2—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Junior Assoc. of Commerce, Rockford, Ill.

3—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Wisconsin Council of Conservation. Elks Club, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

5—Two Services. Peoples Church
Memorial Address. Evanston Elks, Elks Lodge, Evanston, Ill.

6—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Church School Entertainment.

7—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND

8—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.
Board Meeting. Peoples Church.

9—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND

10—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND

11—Address. Clinton Country Club, Clinton, Iowa.

12—Two Services. Peoples Church.

13—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Board of Directors Meeting, Chicago Public Library.

14—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND

15—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address. Lincoln Park Kiwanis Club, North Ave. YMCA.
Book Lecture. Peoples Church.

16—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
(Cut record for E.T.)
Meeting State College Board.
Invocation, Christmas Party, Chicago Federated Advertising Club. Stevens Hotel.
Attendance Line-o-Type & Lawyers Guild Banquet.

17—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Sick calls.

18—Sick calls.

19—Christmas Sunday Service, Peoples Church.
Annual Candle Light Service and Play, Peoples Church.

20—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Annual Candle Light Service and Christmas Play, Peoples Church.

21—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Christmas Party, Church School, Anderson Hall, Peoples Church.

22—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.

23—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address, Hawthorne Club, General Electric Co.

24—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND

25—Christmas Service, Peoples Church.

26—Two Services, Peoples Church.

27—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND

28—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND

29—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.

30—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Address, 45th Anniversary Iroquois Fire, Memorial Hall, Chicago Public Library.

31—Radio Address. WGN
Radio Address. WIND
Watch Night Service, Peoples Church.

WEDDINGS

2—Gertrude Hamilton and
George Vastine
Jove Liva Campbell and
Charles D. Pettengill

14—Nellye Newton and
Joseph C. Archambeault

16—Lucille LaVoy and
Leslie F. Thompson

18—Rae Blaylock and
John Barrett

Gladys Campbell and
Emmett Allen

30—Colleen Crowe and
Walter Fleher
Gladys Estelle Johnson and
William Albert Steinbach

31—Carol Liddy and
Lee J. Brieger
Pearl Francais and
Robert L. Richards

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6—Mrs. Otto M. Sherwitz

7—Vernon C. Usher

8—Dr. Karl Adams, Pres., Northern Teachers College

9—Agnes L. Vander

13—Sally Andrus

15—Adolph Hellstrom

16—Robert Ifland, killed in Germany in 1945

24—J. F. Knudsen

27—Mrs. Ada Ross

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